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Original Poetry.

THE ANTIDOTE.

Written for the Enquirer.

When when alone,—all, all alone,—
These heart-words quiet soon;
Like oil o'er troubled waters thrown
A memory soothes the stream.

The fading hour of twilight calls my musing steps to stray—
Apart with one—some gentle one,—from the noisy town-way;
A feeling glows with willing gush, while gazing on that form,
That o'er my heart,—oh! I'm aware,—awakes wild feelings' storm.

But when alone,—all, all alone,—
That will soothe the thrill
Yields to a memory's gentle power
Commanding, "Peace, be still!"

That memory has a power to stay the wildest storms that rise,
Or still to music's melody dissonant passion's cries;
And power to wake from apathy the chilliest hour of gloom,
Or glid with dawn's auspicious hour the midnight of the tomb;

And when alone,—in soul alone,—
That memory's pen is bright
Upon that midnight page of stone
Hope's promises to write.

WISCONSIN, S. C.

A Tale of Real Life.

From Dickens' Household Words.

WHY MY UNCLE WAS A BACHELOR.

It had often occurred to me to speculate on the reason which could have induced my uncle to remain unmarried. He was of such a kindly temper, so chivalrous towards women, so keenly alive to domestic enjoyments, and withal such an earnest promoter of marriage in all his relations and dependants, that it seemed to me perfectly inexplicable. But for his kind offices, I am sure it would have been impossible for me to have induced my father to consent to my marriage with Maria; the cottage in which we live, furnished as it is with its well-stocked garden and coach-house, was the wedding-present he made us; my sister Kate, too—what unhappiness he saved her by his kindness to Charlie Evans, who every one knows was something of a scamp. But my uncle was the good in him which nobody else but Kate could discern, and his sweet and pious wisdom won him over to a steady and earnest pursuit of his profession. And now people talk of his brilliant talents, and say how much good Kate has done him! But we all know who it was that gave him help and countenance just at the right moment, and we all love my uncle the more dearly for his good work.

When I was still a lad, and Maria's blue eyes had first turned my thoughts towards matrimony, it occurred to me to ask my mother, in the course of one of our pleasant evenings alone together, why my uncle had never been married.

A grave sadness came over my mother's face, and she softly shook her head, as she replied in a suppressed tone, "Your uncle had a great sorrow in his youth, my dear; we must respect it. What it was, I do not know; and he has never told me, and I have never asked him."

It was no matter of surprise to me to hear my mother speak thus; for, in spite of the gentleness of my uncle's manners and his warm affection, there was a dignity about him which rendered it impossible to intrude upon a confidence he did not offer. I felt that his sorrows were sacred, and never again made any attempt to gain information respecting them; although I could not refrain from a tender speculation as to the character of that grief which had deprived him of a happiness he was eminently calculated to enjoy.

In the summer of 1848, my uncle, according to his custom, came to spend a week with us. He was in fine health and spirits, and we and our children enjoyed the festival even more than usual. On the Friday evening, my uncle had been into town, and it was growing dusk when he returned. He came as usual into my study. I looked up on his entrance to welcome him; but was struck by the pallor of his countenance, and by the traces of emotion which disturbed the tranquil dignity of his ordinary bearing. I placed a chair for him, and he sat down in silence—a silence which for some moments I felt almost afraid to break. At length I said in a low voice, "Has any thing occurred to distress you, Sir?"

"No, Edward," he replied, slowly and like one who has some difficulty in collecting his thoughts, "nothing that ought to distress me; but I am very weak; my faith is weak—and I heard it suddenly. I have heard to-night," he continued, after a pause, and speaking more continuously, "of the death of a lady whom I used to know many years ago. She was young and full of life when I knew her. I have always thought of her as young, so full of life, that the great change to death seems almost impossible. Edward you will not think me wearisome if I speak to you of what was, long and long ago, before you were born, when your mother was still a child?"

"My father, as you know, was the head of the younger branch of the great Northumberland family of the Watsons; my mother was a daughter of Sir George Mildmay of Cobham Hall. I refer to these circumstances, not from any pride that I take in having what is termed good blood in my veins, but merely because they exercised an important influence over my life. When a child, I was very much spoiled, for I was considered handsome and intelligent, and my mother was proud of me. She was a woman of few but strong affections, and of a very decided will. My father, who had been a soldier, contented himself with maintaining almost military discipline in his household, but left to my mother the internal administration of affairs. Possessing unconsciously the superior activity of mind, he allowed himself to depend, in all important things, upon the ability of a very strong attachment founded on a similarity of principles—perhaps, in some cases—and favored not a little by the difference of their physical constitutions. The fine proportions of father's figure, and his great manly beauty, gave him such a material superiority to my mother—who was small and delicately made, and withal not handsome—that he with greater ease submitted to her moral supremacy, and without knowing it, allowed his mind to be led and guided by hers. For a long time I was an only child—your mother, as you know, is ten years younger than I—so that the absence of playfellows and companions of my own age fostered—perhaps created—in me a pensive and meditative disposition; an inclination to dwell upon small incidents, to keep my emotions secret, to repress the outward show of feeling—but to feel only the more deeply.

I was brought up at Rugby, and the independent citizens of our rough school republic were the only associates of my boyhood. During the holidays, indeed, my mother used to take me to Cobham Hall, the seat of my uncle Mildmay, where I used to see my cousin Grace, a girl of somewhat about my own age. But she was never away from her governess, and was so demure and lady-like that I was afraid to speak to her. My mother always expressed a great affection for Grace and when she wrote to me at school, especially as I began to grow older, there was invariably some mention of her in her letters, as, "Your cousin Grace, whom I saw yesterday, sends her love; or, I went to Cobham a few days since; they are all well; your cousin Grace is growing fast; her figure promises to be very fine; she hopes to see you soon, and sends her love." And so matters went on, till the time came for me to leave Rugby, when my mother informed me that, as there was a good living in the family, she and my father and my uncle wished me to go into the church.

"I am sorry," said Edward, "that although I was then nineteen, I had never seriously thought of my future calling; my wants had always been carefully provided for, and in the security of a contented temperance, I had glided down the stream of time with very little perception of the nobler portions of my nature, of my higher capacity for enjoyment and for suffering. My mother's proposal proceeded to without difficulty, and without any serious reflection. So, I went to Oxford, not many of my old Rugby associates there, and lived very much as I had lived before; only spending a little more money. But this was not to continue—I was to be raised from this spiritual torpor; I was to learn what was in me. If the lesson was bitter, it was wholesome; and I can recall that deep and wise saying of your modern poet, Edward, which is the fruit of suffering:

Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

I went to spend part of the summer vacation of the year 1810—I have good reason to remember the year—with a friend at his father's house, a pleasant place in the neighborhood of Warwick. There were no field-sports to beguile the time; and Topham and I were neither of us fond of study, so that we had some difficulty in disposing of our leisure. Colonel Topham, my friend's father, was little better off in this respect than ourselves—he could hardly find occupation for himself during more than three or four hours in the morning; so it was with great exultation that one afternoon, on his return from Warwick, he brought us the intelligence, that the theatre was to be opened on the following Monday, and that it was announced that Mrs. Siddons would be passing through the town, and would play Catherine in Henry the Eighth for one night; of course, he had secured places for all our party. Theatres were hardly then what they have become since; either the audience possess less intellectual culture, and were satisfied with less, or the actor understood his art better; at all events, the amusement was very popular, and the announcement of the opening of a country theatre was a signal for a pleasurable excitement in the neighborhood. You may imagine, then, how much the excitement was increased by the prospect of seeing the greatest actress of her own, perhaps of any time, of whose retirement people already began to talk.

I shall not attempt to describe to you what I should want words to convey—the suffering majesty of the wronged Catherine, almost divine as she appeared by the side of the ranting Henry. She bore herself as if she knew that she was every inch a queen, her dignity giving a most moving pathos to her womanly tenderness; while he, uncomfortable with padding and vainly endeavoring to speak in a voice suitable to his artificial proportions, rendered absurd the violent but princely tyrant of the poet. Such inequalities, painful as they are, looked upon as matters of course in a country theatre. We had come to see Mrs. Siddons, and expected nothing but amusement from the blunders and misapprehensions of the rest of the company. My friends were familiar with most of the actors—several were native to the place—but the name of the actress who was to play Anne Boleyn had already given rise to some speculation in our party. No one was acquainted with it, no one had seen the lady who bore it. When she entered in her graceful and modest costume, there was an involuntary start of admiration through the house—any thing more lovely was never seen; and when she spoke, her words were delivered with propriety and intelligence, but in a subdued and rather timid tone, which added greatly to her charm. We held our breath, lest we should lose one tremor of her girl's voice. Catherine herself was almost forgotten in sympathy and pity for Anne Boleyn.

In the afternoon, the young actress played again. This time she had a part which entirely suited her; she had to play a spoiled child sent to school to be taught manners. The character was exactly suited to her years and to her taste. She acted without effort and with perfect success. It was evident that for the time she was living in the scene. It was impossible to express delight while she was speaking and moving—we feared to lose one glance of the mischievous eyes, one toss of the beautiful hair; but, when at last we burst into loud applause, she looked round in amazement to see for whom the demonstration was meant; and when our renewed cries and the whispers of some one who stood near her convinced her that she was the object of our admiration, a look of bewilderment which had much more of displeasure than of triumph in it, broke over her countenance; she made a hasty exit, and did not reappear.

"Nobody thought, nobody spoke of any thing but the beautiful actress. We soon learned that she was a niece to the manager, and was residing in the town with her mother a widow, and three or four brothers and sisters. We went to the theatre whenever we could. Mrs. Topham invited her to her house to visit all the ladies in the neighborhood. In the morning, she looked even more lovely than in the stage; she was handsomely dressed, her complexion had the transparency and the variability of early youth; in her mind and manners, the simple truthfulness of the child was blended with the sparkling sensibility of the woman. It is impossible to do you any idea of the elastic grace of her motions, of the marvellous and ever changing expressions of her countenance; nothing that approached her could withstand her witchery.

"As a natural consequence of her position and her singular beauty, Anne Ester was expressive and proud. She did not attempt to conceal her dislike of some of the toward conceits who pressed their attentions upon her, or her displeasure at an ill-expressed or too open compliment. How it was, I know not; perhaps, because my aunt's admiration was better suited to her taste; perhaps, as I rather incline to think, from the natural kindness of her heart, which led her to see the loneliness of mine, and to sympathize in the nervous tremor with which her presence inspired me, for there or other reasons she soon distinguished me, and showed pleasure in conversing with me. She took me into her confidence, demanded little services of me, treated me as a friend, and invited me home to see my mother, when she would with a devoted though sometimes dictatorial affection. If she looked lovely among the gay and worldly, when her only business was to be amused, how much more lovely did she appear in her single home, the simple and unadorned of the humble household! Here, all pride all restraint was lost in her affection for her mother—a confidence still entirely unbounded, and not beyond the middle age—not in her genial and playful love for her younger brothers and sisters. I must not dwell on this part of my story, though God knows I could linger over it for hours.

"That I loved her with a true and earnest passion, I need hardly tell you. She returned my love, I had the assurance from her own dear lips. After the term of my visit at Topham Court had expired, I took lodgings not far from Warwick, according to myself and to my mother for not going home by the necessity of reading for my approaching examination. My mother wrote to me frequently, and continually mentioned my cousin Grace. This I did not remark at the time, and merely said and replied to her letters in an absent manner. I was wrapped in the sweet delirium of a higher existence; all that was gross and material about me seemed to be hid to rest. Violet was all in all to me. I had no thought, no affection for any thing except her. Creation seemed clothed in divine beauty; life in its larger, fuller sense, was opening upon me, for I drank deep of the golden waters of love.

"Thus passed half a year. I returned to Oxford, but we corresponded almost daily. I did not communicate any thing relative to Violet to my mother, from an instinctive apprehension. I suppose, for certainly it was not the result of design. Besides, I never had been accustomed to speak of my feelings to her or to any one, and I was such a child in worldly matters that I had never yet formed any plans for the future. When I returned to Warwick at Christmas, however, Mrs. Elder gently required of me some explanation, some statement of my intentions. She told me that it was very much against her wish that her daughter had ever embraced the profession of the stage; that nothing but the representations of her brother-in-law and the necessities of her family had induced her to consent to her making use of her talents in this way; that it would be a very great happiness to her to see her settled to me, convinced as she was of our mutual attachment; that she felt the dangers of Violet's position, and was extremely anxious to place Violet in the care of one more congenial to her tastes and better calculated to develop the softer portions of her character. She concluded by informing me that Violet had lately received an extremely advantageous offer of an engagement in London, but that they had delayed accepting it until she had spoken with me.

"I replied that I was just ready to take orders, that there was a good living waiting for me, and that I would write to my parents by that night's post to request their consent. Mrs. Elder looked a little grave that evening, but Violet and I were talking of our future. I described to her the Parsonage and the surrounding country; spoke of my father, of my mother, and of my grand relations at Cobham Hall.

"The next day was also one of unmingled happiness. We walked in the bright winter weather along the hard roads, her brothers running races past us. Her complexion assumed a more transparent brilliancy; her eyes sparkled with health and happiness.

"That night, when I returned to my lodgings, I found my mother awaiting for me. She was white with passion. In unmeasured terms she upbraided me with dissimulation and every species of misconduct. In her anger she told me that my hand had long since been disposed of; that I was affianced to my cousin Grace; that she and her brother had settled it when we were both children. She reminded me of the calling for which I was intended, and demanded if I thought an actress a fit wife for a clergyman and a Watson? At first her vehemence stunned me, and I bowed in bewilderment; but the contemptuous mention of Violet roused the dormant passions within me. I started and indignantly protested that Violet was worthy of a much greater fortune than I could offer her. I repeated that I would not be bound by a contract made without my knowledge. I asserted that I would make Violet my wife—that in the light of Heaven we were already united. My mother was in her turn astounded; she ever supposed that I inherited so much of her own temper. From angry denunciation she turned to entreaty, to supplication. I met her in the same spirit. I begged her to see Violet—to judge for herself. She absolutely refused; and commanded me, if I valued her blessing, to attend her home on the morrow.

"I had to be long accustomed to obey her to resist complacently, especially as she seemed to be commending by telling me of my father's severe illness, and of his desperate desire to see me. Besides, I was frightened at the strength of her own passions, and hoped to be able to soothe her, and to win my father to my side.

"While my mother was dressing that morning, and while the post-chaises in which we were to travel were waiting at the door, I ran down to Violet's room. It was not very early, and I had to wait some minutes before Violet could see me. I found her in bed, but I did not disturb her until she had risen. I suppose I looked very angry, for she stated when she saw me:

"I do not think the matter so serious as you do. You are not to go to the North. My father is very angry, and wants to see me."

"Violet had been informed. She had her hand firmly on my arm.

"I am very sorry, but I hope he will see me better, and that you will not be many days from home."

"They were the last words I ever heard her speak. I could not bear her tranquil tenderness, my tears ebbed my utterance.

"How my mother rebuked my letters; how my uncle himself went to Warwick, saw Violet, and returned to her pride, till he that if I married her I should be dishonored by my family, and ruined; how by a thousand fine words and sweet arguments they would induce me to a renunciation of my engagement with her, and at last induced her to send me back all my little presents, and all my letters. I never knew until long afterwards. She sent me few lines—in a letter—with them, but I did not receive it at the time—not until long, long afterwards. Though the things of which I speak are long past, though the paper is yellow with age, and the words faded in the print, yet I can still see them, I know them by heart.

"I shall never write to you again. I send back my presents, and what is much harder, your letters. Your mother and uncle are quite right. I never thought it fit to be your wife. I wish you may be very, very happy. Do not think I blame you at all—indeed you are to be praised. I write to pay for you, but I cannot help it yet, and I do not think my prayers can do you harm. You know how dearly I loved you; but I do not love you now, since it would be your ruin. Oh! if I must become very wicked, if I must grow proud and sinful, still pray for me, you are so good, who are to live pure and holy life; your prayers will be heard; and it cannot do any harm to pray for me."

"P. S.—I hope you will marry your cousin, and that you will be happy."

"I do not think my mother, fertile as she was in expedients, could have succeeded in keeping me away from Violet, but for my father's continued and serious illness. As it was, I wrote again and again to Violet, and as I received no answer, no explanation of the return of my letters, I was in a continual state of agitation. An idea of the truth—that my letters were detained—somewhat flashed across my mind; but I found it hard to believe that my mother would have recourse to such means. At rare intervals I felt disquietude against Violet. At length, my father getting no better, but rather worse, the doctors ordered him to a warmer climate. I am not sure that my mother did not suggest the plan; she was certainly very eager in adopting it.

"While we were in London on our way to the Continent, I insisted on going to Warwick. My mother made no difficulty; she was probably aware of the inutility of my visit.

"When I reached the lodgings which the Elders had occupied, I found them empty, the theatre was closed, all the company were dispersed. The keeper of the lodgings informed me that Violet had been very ill; that she had gone to Scotland—she believed to fulfil an engagement. We were to sail for Italy on the morrow. To follow her was impossible, and the woman could give me no clue to her address. It was even a comfort to know that Violet had been ill; that might be the reason of my letters remaining unanswered. Her mother, too, would probably be offended at the refusal of my parents to sanction our engagement. Violet had been very ill, the landlady said, for three weeks. She had had a fever, and they had cut off nearly all her beautiful hair. She used to cry out and talk wildly when she was ill; but her mother nursed her herself and allowed no one else to go into the room. She was almost well before she went away. She used to go out in a carriage, and she revived and smiled again, too; but somehow, there seemed a weight on her spirits; it wasn't her old smile—but then she had been very ill.

"Perhaps the women had connected Violet's illness with me. Women have an intuitive perception of such matters. At first she was very cold, and little disposed to be communicative. But I suppose my own countenance bore some traces of the suffering I had undergone. Perhaps she saw in me something that moved her compassion; be that as it may, she threw off the constraint she had at first put upon herself, told me many touching details of Violet's weakness, and permitted me to visit the room where I had so often sat with her. She also gave me a braid of the hair which had been cut off; how she came to have it I don't know; I have sometimes hoped it might have been left with her for me.

"I accompanied my parents to Italy with renewed spirits. Violet loved me, and my heart was strong within me. I would make the best use of my time while I was abroad, and if on our return my mother still refused her consent, I would be able to support my wife by my exertions—Time and distance seemed as nothing. A little year, and Violet would be mine. But the year lengthened into years. My father slowly declined; he pined to see home again, and we set out on our journey. But he was never more to set his foot on English ground; he died at Naples and there he lies buried.

"When my mother had a little recovered from the shock, she, my sister, and I set out on our return. Perhaps in that saddened state of her feelings she might have softened towards Violet, but it was not to be. During our stay in Italy I had heard of Violet only in her public character. I had heard of her appearance in London, and of her triumph. My college friend, Topham, wrote me accounts of her. He told me she was surrounded by admirers, among whom there were more than one of rank and station who aspired to her hand; but he said that she was grown very haughty; more beautiful than ever—more splendidly adorned, and withal, he confessed that she had treated him with marked disdain with what he considered superciliousness. Topham was by no means the person to whom I could confide the secret of my affection. He belonged to the class of young men who have no depth of feeling themselves, and whose system of honor has no reference to anything beyond the opinion of the narrow circle in which they move. I imagined that Violet knew the strength and constancy of my love; that she had faith in me, and for my sake assumed this repulsive manner to her suitors. Knowing her natural tenderness and abundant affection, this seemed to me nothing but a veil with which she sought to hide the sufferings of her heart. I pined for the moment when I should see her once more face to face, and tell her all I had endured and hoped.

"My uncle, Sir George, met us on our arrival in London. We were to stay at a house which he then occupied in Grosvenor Street; my aunt and my cousin Grace were also there, and George Mildmay, a fine boy of seventeen, just returned from Rome. After the first emotion of meeting were over, the ladies withdrew together; my uncle retired to his library; and George and I were left to ourselves. I could not help looking with admiration at the handsome intelligent face, and listening with surprise to the masterly manner in which my cousin, whom I had never thought of but as rather a spoiled boy, dealt out the news of the town.

"You'll like to see what's doing at the theatres, I dare say," said he, when a pause in the conversation suggested the introduction of a new subject; "we'll run down to Drury Lane to-night, if you like; not that there's anything new looking at in the way of women. It was a monstrous shame of Woodhouse to run out with our little Sultan."

"With whom?" inquired I, mechanically.

"Why, the very princess and fairy queen of actresses; the brightest eyes—the loveliest hair—such a glorious laugh—and a foot and ankle that were delightful to look at. It's a splendid thing for her. Woodhouse has somewhere about four thousand a year in esse, and double as much in posse; though, to be sure so he ought, for he's a slap-and-dash fellow. They say he is growing tired of his prize already; and she's so confoundedly cold and proud! But you know her; you were at Warwick when she came out."

"Yes, I did know her. I had known, ever since he began to speak of whom he was talking; but the sudden and unexpected blow had stunned me, and I was glad to let him rattle on. Violet, my Violet—she whom I had never for one moment ceased to love—she, my own tender Violet—married, and married to such a man!

"The boy talked on, retailing all the little town gossip respecting her who dwelt in my heart's core. An irrepressible desire to see her, to assure myself of the extent of my misery, came over me. I asked the boy where she lived; he replied by mentioning a street not far distant. How I broke from him I don't know, nor does it matter now; I only know that I hurried to the street which he had named and almost by instinct found the house.

"I must have inquired for Violet by her name, for I was admitted—in a minute I found myself in her presence. The room was luxuriously furnished; Violet sat beside a lady, probably a visitor, on a sofa. She looked eminently handsome, but with a beauty different to that which I had loved; her carriage was more stately, and there was something haughty in her expression; her dress, too, had lost the girlish simplicity which was familiar to me. It was but for a brief space that I could gaze upon her unobserved—and at the time I was conscious of none of these things; but all, even to the minutest details of her dress, were stamped on my recollection with the truth and vigor of a daguerotype picture. Oh how often have I wept over that vision, so gloriously lovely, but even then marred and sullied by the world!

"Violet looked up and perceived me. The rich color fled from her cheeks, the pupils of her eyes dilated, her whole countenance assumed an expression of horror and despair, her lips trembled with the attempt to form a sound, and she half stretched out her arms towards me. I trembled from head to foot; something I believe I said, or strove to say, and hurried from the house. In that gaze I had read her

the ceiling, with nothing but the tips of their fingers.

Now, this is true, every word of it; and some who may read this, may have tried, or heard of it before, but to me it was entirely new; and as I was being raised above their heads, upon the tips of their fingers, there really appeared something magical about it; and the manner in which the gravity of any one who tries it is a subject which might engage the attention of philosophy and science. If any five who read this should doubt it, they have but to try it. But with me, it is an "Anti-Spiritual manifestation," draped in a mystic veil; and if this experiment was known at the North among the enthusiastic class, who are always ready to be carried away upon the wings of imagination, or anything wherein they can make a hobby or noise, it would be ranked in the Spirit Rappings, in the first degree.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

Until one begins to feel the effect of impaired vision, he can hardly estimate the value of eye-sight, and consequently from ignorance or carelessness, he is apt to neglect a few simple precautions, by the observance of which his sight might be preserved. We are aware that the columns of a newspaper do not afford the space, nor is an editor qualified to treat scientifically of the injuries which accrue to the organs of vision; but certainly the knights of the sanctorum ought to have some practical experience upon artificial light, more of which they consume than falls to the lot of other men.

Let us then give our readers a few hints upon the preservation of sight, which we deduce from our own experience, and if we are incorrect, our medical friends, and particularly opticians, are welcome to our columns, to correct our errors. We are not about to interfere with those who have resorted to spectacles, for the optician alone can benefit them; but there are multitudes, who, perhaps, ought to wear spectacles, but will not, either from their inconviction or from an idea that thereby they confess that they have taken too strong hold upon them. Such ask, whether they can see better than they now do without the use of glasses? To the most of these we answer, yes—provided you will follow these simple directions. First, never use a writing desk or table with your face towards a window. In such case the rays of light come directly upon the pupil of the eyes, and causing an unnatural and forced contraction thereof, soon permanently injures the sight. Next—when your table or desk is near a window, sit so that your face turns from not towards the window, while you are writing. If your face is towards the window, the oblique rays strike your eye, injure it nearly as much as the direct rays when you sit in front of the window. It is best always to sit or stand while reading or writing with the window behind you; and next to that with the light coming over your left side—then the light illumines the paper or book and does not shine abruptly upon the eye-ball.

The same remarks are applicable to artificial light. We are often asked what is the best light; gas, candles, oil or camphene. Our answer is, it is immaterial which, provided the light of either be strong enough and do not flicker. A gas fish tail burner should never be used for reading or writing, because there is a constant oscillation or flickering of the flame. Candles, unless they have self-consuming wicks which do not require snuffing, should not be used. We need scarcely say that oil wicks which crust over and thus diminish the light, are good for nothing; and the same is true of compounds of the nature of camphene, unless the wicks are properly trimmed of all their gummy deposits after standing twenty-four hours.

But whatever the artificial light used, let it strike the paper or book which you are using, whenever you can, from over the left shoulder. Or this can always be done with gas, for that light is strong enough, and so is the light from camphene, oil, &c., provided it comes through a circular burner like the argand. But the light, whatever it be, should always be protected from the air in the room by a glass chimney, so that the light may be steady.—Boston Herald.

A DUTCHMAN'S LOGIC.—In travelling in the cars from Cleveland to this city, some time since, we got into conversation with a young gentleman who chanced to occupy a seat directly in front of us. As he was under the necessity of turning his head to talk to us we suggested that when the cars stopped again, he should turn the back of the seat facing us. There was occupying the same seat with him, a pretty good looking but raw Dutchman.—Acting upon our suggestion, when we had arrived at the next station the gentleman stepped out into the walk of the car, and politely requested the dutchman to do the same while he "turned the seat." The Dutchman looked at the seat very critically, and inquiringly said "turn him? jaw!"

"Yes," answered the gentleman. "Just step out and I will show you how it is done."

The Dutchman did as he was desired, when the gentleman turned the back of the seat and requested the Dutchman to take the same position again, but of course, with his face toward the other end of the car.

"Nix, nix!" exclaimed the Dutchman in evident alarm. "I've paid for Cincinnati, and I must go to Cincinnati. Dem so, carry me right back to Cleveland!"

No explanation would satisfy him and he would not be content till the gentleman occupying the seat with us changed places, and permitted him to ride with his face towards Cincinnati.

The passengers were convulsed with laughter at the logic of the Dutchman.—[Cincinnati paper.]

KILLING FOWLS.—Only turkeys and geese should be bled to death; the flesh of chickens becomes dry and insipid from loss of blood. The best plan, says the Poultry Journal, is to take a blunt stick, such as a child's bat or boy's wooden sword, and strike the bird a smart blow on the back of the neck, about the third joint from the head; death follows in a moment.

Praise the man whose bread you eat.